

Poetic Injustice by mimamu

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-25

Updated: 2018-02-25

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:14:24

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 339

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Guys! Looking for a native English beta for occasional flash fiction.
Drop me a note: ruthlesslux@yahoo.com

Poetic Injustice

"Look out! Behind you!"

"Help!"

"Hit it! Hit it! Kill it! Kill it!"

Nancy shivered. The words were drowned by stomping and screaming, which soon turned into cheering and rampant laughter. Mike and his buddies were so immersed in their game that the hubbub could be heard upstairs. Nancy had never understood role-playing games. And after her encounter with a real-life monster, she understood them even less.

"Nancy?" Steve wrapped his arm around her. He looked dashing even in a silly Christmas sweater. "Everything okay?"
She leaned against him and sighed. "Yeah."

The Christmas tree was glowing in various colours, and for a second Nancy imagined the lights had flickered. Upside Down. She had stayed there for a brief moment only, but the memory would haunt her for the rest of her life. The place had been thoroughly evil. And the monster... The unnaturally long arms, sharp claws, the disgusting head without face... Nancy had emptied a whole magazine of bullets at it with little effect.

"It's over," Steve said, pulling her closer. "The monster is dead, and Will is safe. Everyone got what they deserved in the end."

Yes, there was a certain poetic justice to it. Family and friends had saved Will. Steve was reformed and had recaptured the heart of his sweetheart. The monster had finished off the ghastly doctor who had been behind all this. Everyone had got what they deserved. Almost everyone. The townspeople were so happy for Will that no one paid attention to a killer who was still living amongst them, free and unpunished.

Steve stroked Nancy's cheek. "You're the bravest girl I know."
Nancy smiled. "You didn't run away yourself, either."

No one had saved Barb. There was no Christmas for her family. Barb

had done nothing wrong. She had always been there for Nancy, but at the crucial moment Nancy had preferred to make out with Steve instead of taking care of her best friend. Barb had died alone and terrified.

"I love you," Steve whispered, giving Nancy a kiss.

Author's Note:

Guys! Looking for a native English beta for occasional flash fiction. Drop me a note: ruthlesshux@yahoo.com